

READINGS BOOKLET



GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 33
Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

January 1986

Alberta
EDUCATION

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 33**

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS


Part B of the English 33 Diploma Examination has 70 questions in the Questions Booklet and 10 reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

**CHECK TO MAKE SURE YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 33 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND
AN ENGLISH 33 READINGS BOOKLET.**

YOU WILL HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JANUARY 1986



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I. Read “A Failure of Faith in Man-Made Things” and answer questions 1 to 5 from your Questions Booklet.

A FAILURE OF FAITH IN MAN-MADE THINGS

There are those who have faith in man-made things and those who do not.

I do not.

I do not have faith in elevators. I do not have faith in planes, subways, bridges or tunnels.

5 I do use them. Of which fact I am very proud.

I have, for example, a friend who chose his dentist because the dentist's office was on the first floor. I know a journalist who became a national expert on trains because he can't bear flying. I have another friend who sold his island house after living there only weeks because he had dizzy spells on the bridge. (The alternative route — a tunnel

10 — was completely out of the question.)

I don't think these people are neurotic. Rather, it's a question of degree. How many of the rest of us travel on, over and through man-made things comforted only by our private *escape* plans?

15 That's the dividing point. People who have faith in man-made things do not have *escape* plans. I do.

I have an escape plan for the elevator. I will escape Certain Death if the elevator drops twenty floors suddenly — which I fully expect — because I will be jumping up and down. I read once that if you jump up and down while the elevator is crashing you have a 50 percent chance of being up while it's down and softening the impact.

20 Don't tell me if it's not true.

I have an escape plan for the final subway stall. If somewhere between stops, the transit line dies and there are four hundred of us squeezed into one car so tightly that no one can move an arm to break a window, I will escape. I will be at my usual post, nose in the door, gasping the one thin stream of air as it comes through a crack.

25 On the whole, I am more philosophical about airplanes. I look quite relaxed: seated, belted (no, I never take off my seatbelt, not even between here and Paris) and reading a paper before take-off. I repeat ten times, “Well, it's out of my hands now.” But look closer. I am in the last row, because I remember from a Jimmy Stewart movie, *The Phoenix*, that you've got the best chance of surviving near the tail. I will *escape*.

30 If I weren't so concerned about looking cool, I would ride on the plane's rear lavatory floor.

As for bridges, I remember the Galloping Gertie. Other bridges look sturdy enough, but there is only one railing between me and the water. When I drive over them, I roll up my window, because if my car plunges into the water — it is possible, it really is

35 — there will be an air bubble in it. I will be able to breathe until I collect myself and

Continued

then execute a perfect *escape* like the ones you see on television.

Don't tell me if it isn't true.

My greatest phobia is about tunnels — maybe because my escape plans stink. Every time I go through a tunnel, I expect the Ultimate Leak. And I haven't figured
40 any way out against the rising water except (1) drive for it or (2) run for it.

I do try to control myself. After all, I have driven through two thousand tunnels without even using the windshield wipers. But I am prepared for the worst.

I don't know how tunnels are built, or bridges, or elevators, or airplanes. I don't
45 know how or why they work. So why should I believe they're safe? How do I know they won't break with me on, in, over or under them?

My escape plans are nothing more than an attempt at control. I know that I don't want to be dependent on the metal of a bridge, or the concrete of a tunnel. In truth, I don't really want to depend on man-made things at all. I hate being that far from Control Center. A severe failure of faith.

50 I suppose I would make one lousy astronaut.

Ellen Goodman

II. Read “The Weather” and answer questions 6 to 10 from your Questions Booklet.

THE WEATHER

You are reading to me

You spread the newspaper out
across your knees
It crackles dully as you fold back the pages

- 5 Your heavy thumbs
pressing along the creases
leave a grey smear

PLANE DOWN ON THE BARRENS
you read

10 BOY TORN BY HUSKIES

TWO PERISH IN BLIZZARD
your voice is warm and exultant

I have been dead all winter
no one has noticed it

- 15 my bones, sewed up in a cheerful
print sack, balanced on the seat of a chair
answer all your questions
my skull nods
I creak as I bow from the waist
20 agreeing — always agreeing

I shuffle into the kitchen to make tea
soft dust rises from the floor
I pour and pour

the cups remain empty

Anne Szumigalski

III. Read the excerpt from the movie script *Why Outlaws Never Cheat* and answer questions 11 to 21 from your Questions Booklet.

from WHY OUTLAWS NEVER CHEAT

FADE IN

SHOT 1: EXTERIOR — DAY — THE OLD WEST — EXTREME LONG SHOT FROM A HILLTOP

5 In the far background below, a STAGECOACH approaches at top speed, threatening to overturn at any moment. The driver can be seen whipping up the horses despite the reckless pace. A HORSEMAN (THE CURLY KID) ENTERS THE EDGE OF THE FRAME in the close foreground. He stops his horse and looks down at the careening stagecoach. The Curly Kid is dressed in the “usual” cowboy clothes of a hundred years ago and wears two guns. But under the broad sombrero, his face is very young, very smooth, and very innocent.

10 **SHOT 2:** LONG SHOT — THE STAGECOACH — ANOTHER ANGLE

The driver is frantically swinging a huge whip but in a most peculiar way. He whips at the horses with the forward stroke, then seems to whip at the stagecoach door with the reverse stroke.

15 **SHOT 3:** CLOSE SHOT — THE CURLY KID

Leaning forward to pat his horse’s neck.

20 The Curly Kid: Horse, there is only one reason why a stagecoach would travel that fast on this road. (*softly*) Gold and other valuables aboard.

SHOT 4: THE SIDE OF THE ROAD — LOW ANGLE — SHOOTING UP — THE STAGECOACH — PAN SHOT

Rushing past, the driver still whipping horses *and* stagecoach.

SHOT 5: CLOSE SHOT — THE CURLY KID

25 The Curly Kid (*serious*): Horse, if you and me are gonna make our start in the stagecoach-robbing profession, we’d better git started.

The Curly Kid pulls his neckerchief up over his nose, tugs his hat down in front, and spurs forward.

30 **SHOT 6:** LONG SHOT — THE HILLSIDE — PANNING

THE CURLY KID on his mad dash down the rough hill.

SHOT 7: A WIDE PLACE IN THE ROAD — THE CURLY KID rides INTO the FRAME, brings his horse to a halt, and takes his pre-holdup stance, a six-gun in each hand.

35 **SHOT 8:** FULL SHOT — THE STAGECOACH — CLOSE — MOVING

Charging INTO the CAMERA. The driver is wild-eyed, terror-stricken.

Driver (*swinging the whip forward*): Giddap! (*lashing at the stagecoach door*) Shaddap! (*whipping the horses*) Giddap! (*whipping the door*) Shaddap!

Continued

40 Suddenly the driver sets his feet and hauls back on the lines with all his strength.

SHOT 9: THE HORSES — CLOSE SHOT — LOW ANGLE SHOOTING UP
Rearing and pawing with their hoofs.

SHOT 10: THE STAGECOACH
Slewing about dangerously, almost upsetting.

45 **SHOT 11:** OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT — THE CURLY KID
Blocking the road, with pistols drawn and leveled at the stagecoach driver.

The Curly Kid: Hands up!

Driver (*frantic, still hanging on to the lines*): Outa my way, bad man! If you know what's good for you, you'll git outa my way and let me pass!

50 **SHOT 12:** CLOSE SHOT — THE CURLY KID
Masked, eyes glittering.

The Curly Kid (*coldly*): Save your warnings, driver.

SHOT 13: OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT — THE CURLY KID
55 Thumbing back the hammers on his pistols as they menace the driver.

The Curly Kid: I have stopped your stagecoach in order to rob it, and rob it I will!

SHOT 14: ANOTHER ANGLE — INCLUDING THE STAGECOACH DOOR
As The Curly Kid maneuvers his horse to a better robbing position.

60 The Curly Kid: You passengers in there, throw out your valuables!

A moment's pause, then something comes SAILING out of the stagecoach and LANDS near the feet of The Curly Kid's horse.

SHOT 15: TIGHT SHOT — THE CURLY KID'S FACE
As he looks down.

65 **SHOT 16:** INSERT SHOT — ON THE GROUND
A JACKKNIFE. As we watch, other objects FALL INTO THE SHOT. They are: A SLINGSHOT, TWO DOLLS, FOUR LUNCH BOXES, ONE SMALL SNAKE, TEN ARITHMETIC BOOKS.

SHOT 17: EXTREME CLOSE SHOT — THE CURLY KID
70 Turning his puzzled eyes from the objects on the ground toward the driver.

SHOT 18: OVER THE DRIVER'S SHOULDER — THE CURLY KID

The Curly Kid: What on earth kind of stagecoach am I holding up here?

Continued

SHOT 19: REVERSE SHOT — THE DRIVER
Looking down at The Curly Kid.

75 Driver (*mild and fearful*): I tried to warn you. This ain't no stage *coach*.
You have held up the Bovina Consolidated School District *school*
stage.

SHOT 20: THE CURLY KID — DRIVER'S POV¹
Pulls his neckerchief down off his face. We see again the young, smooth,
80 boyish, innocent face, all tender smile.

The Curly Kid (*putting away his pistols*): Well, I sure beg your pardon.
I hope I didn't scare any of them innocent little kiddies with my mask
and guns and loud voice.

SHOT 21: REVERSE SHOT — THE DRIVER

85 Driver (*desperately*): For God's sake, man, don't waste time palaverin —

SHOT 22: CLOSE SHOT — THE STAGECOACH DOOR
A HAND holding a SLINGSHOT APPEARS, is aimed.

Driver's Voice: Git while the gittin's good!

The slingshot is FIRED.

90 **SHOT 23:** LOW ANGLE — SHOOTING UP — THE CURLY KID'S HORSE
Rearing high in the air.

SHOT 24: LOW ANGLE — SHOOTING UP — THE CURLY KID
Somersaulting in the air.

SHOT 25: THE DRIVER — CLOSE SHOT
95 Looking up in the air as The Curly Kid is still airborne.

Driver: I tried to help you when I could! You wouldn't listen!

SHOT 26: THE GROUND
THE CURLY KID FALLS INTO THE SHOT and lies stunned.

SHOT 27: OVER THE DRIVER'S SHOULDER
100 The prostrate CURLY KID, on the ground.

Driver: You're lucky one of the kids wasn't driving. He'd have run right
over you!

SHOT 28: THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGECOACH
A small HAND SHAKING out a LARIAT, then giving the noose a TOSS.

105 **SHOT 29:** THE STAGECOACH DRIVER
Cracking his whip over the horses' ears.

Continued

¹POV — point of view

Driver: Giddap! (*Swinging the whip against the stagecoach door*)
Shaddap! (*Whipping the horses*) Giddap!

- 110 **SHOT 30:** THE STAGECOACH
Lurching into motion. As it passes, we see the ROPE, and at the end of the rope, PULLED along behind the coach, The Curly Kid's HORSE!
- SHOT 31:** THE CURLY KID
Getting to his feet, digging the dirt out of his eyes, shaken. Looks up in time to see the coach depart with his horse in tow.
- 115 **SHOT 32:** REAR SHOT — THE CURLY KID
Running toward the retreating coach as it departs with his horse in tow.
- The Curly Kid (*Shouting*): Wait! Stop! You've stole my horse!
- SHOT 33:** CLOSE SHOT — FULL — THE DRIVER
Oblivious to everything as he swings his whip and cries "Giddap!" on the forward swing, and "Shaddap" on the rearward.
- 120 **SHOT 34:** FROM THE COACH — MOVING — THE CURLY KID
Stands helplessly in the road and is soon left behind. His horse gallops obediently behind the stagecoach.

Henry Gregor Felsen

IV. Read the following information concerning Robin's search for a job and answer questions 22 to 29 from your Questions Booklet.

Robin is looking for a job. He has written to his friend Tom, and Tom has written back and given him some information. Robin has also collected other information. The letters and other materials are listed as follows:

- P — Robin's letter to Tom discussing jobs
- Q — Tom's return letter to Robin
- R — article from the *Nalwen News* discussing job conditions
- S — sections of the *Workers' Compensation Act* (Statutes of Alberta, 1981)
- T — six employment advertisements
- U — a copy of Robin's father's paycheque stub
- V — a copy of *Equal Opportunities in Employment*, a handbook published by The Alberta Human Rights Commission, 1981

P. Robin's letter to Tom

Exeter, Alberta
July 20, 1985

Dear Tom,

How's it going? Now that we've finished school, we'll have to find jobs pretty quick. Have you found anything yet? The job situation here in Exeter is really bleak so I'm coming to Nalwen in early August to try my luck there. I hear that jobs will be available at the Rodeo midway.

I hope that I will eventually be able to find something with a future though, maybe by putting my knowledge of mechanics to good use.

Write and tell me how things are going. I'll see you soon.

Robin

Continued

Q. Tom's letter to Robin

Nalwen, Alberta
July 25, 1985

Dear Robin,

Aren't you glad to be finished school? I'm glad you're coming down; it will be good to see you again. The fish and chip place on 10th street advertised for a cook, so I went down the next day and got the job. It's not too bad, but there's no real future and no benefits like health care and pension. I guess that's O.K. for now but my dad says I should think about benefits when I look for another job.

Three days after I'd been at the fish and chip place, some boiling fat spilled on my arm, and I thought it would have to be amputated! Luckily it was my left arm so I can still shovel chips. I had to miss the rest of the day to get it fixed up and go to the doctor though. My dad said I was crazy not to have done anything about my lost wages, but it was my own fault since I turned around too quickly and bumped the fryer.

I'd like to find something that interested me more where I could learn something and work up to a better position, but right now, I guess I'm lucky to have anything. A friend of mine got a good job in a garage but, like you, he knows cars.

See you in August. Tom

P.S. I've included a clipping about the rodeo from today's paper. Doesn't sound so good. I've also added today's want ads.

Continued

Teen raps job conditions

NALWEN, ALBERTA July 25, 1985:

Tina Jamie says she's fed up with working on the Rodeo midway.

"You should always ask around and see what it's like to work there before you start," the 18-year-old warned Monday.

Jamie quit her job as a taco-maker Sunday after only four days of work. She said only the fear of losing her job made her keep quiet that long about the poor conditions.

She said employment conditions at the stands have changed drastically since last year, and workers are getting the short end of the stick.

"On Sunday, I got to work at six o'clock, and was told to sign out half an hour later," she said.

"They told me not to come back until Wednesday, because they weren't busy enough." She added that when she applied for the job, she was told there would be plenty of working time.

Along with the shortened hours, Jamie said stand employees had to pay a \$4 gate admission every day to get into the grounds, which is more than an hour's pay. Workers also had to purchase a \$6 cap to wear.

Jamie said 20 Nalwen workers were hired by the concession business to work with employees from Mona, Alberta in the five stands. Eighteen of the Nalwen workers were soon laid off, she added, while the Mona workers kept their jobs.

Blue Sky Concessions owner Doug Boone says that he has laid off some of his Nalwen employees, but adds that only six have quit or been let go because of slow business.

Boone says the pace of customers at his concessions has been "devastatingly slow," so he has had to reduce employee hours. He adds that the Mona workers, who are paid a higher salary than the Nalwen employees, were kept on because they were supervisors of the booths.

Hank Donald, Rodeo Administrator, advised all potential workers to "know the ground rules" before accepting a position on the midway.

"The stands set up their own terms of employment," he said. "As long as they meet the Alberta and federal government standards, we're happy."

Continued

S. Sections of the *Workers' Compensation Act*

19(1) Subject to this Act, compensation under this Act is payable

(a) to a worker who suffers personal injury by an accident, unless the injury is attributable primarily to the serious and wilful misconduct of the worker, and

(b) to the dependants of a worker who dies as a result of an accident.

(2) The Board shall pay compensation under this Act to a worker who is seriously disabled as a result of an accident notwithstanding that the injury is attributable primarily to the serious and wilful misconduct of the worker.

20(1) If an accident disables a worker for all or part of the day of the accident,

(a) the employer shall, by the end of the next regularly scheduled pay period after that day, pay compensation to the worker for that day in an amount equal to the minimum normal net wage the worker would have received for that day if he had not been disabled and had been available for work in the normal course, and

(b) the Board is not responsible for providing compensation to the worker, other than medical aid, for that day.

T. Employment Ads

Employment Opportunities

1. DRAFTSMEN: M or F. Minimum of 2 yrs. experience, references & own vehicle required. Stuart Co. (714) 333-1092

2. PERM. EMPLOYMENT FOR SERIOUS JOB SEEKERS:
Young high-tech company. Growing fast. Have openings for 25 ambitious people. If you are 18 to 25 call Jackie for an appointment. 330-1291. No experience required. Extensive paid benefits including dental. #215-16 St. S.E. Nalwen

3. TRAINEES: Learn with top producers to earn \$600-\$1000/wk. Car an asset. Roger 359-4550

4. AUTO PARTS: Wholesaler requires counter parts person to serve dealers & customers. Knowledge of Japanese or European autos desirable. Opportunity for advancement. Benefits. Send résumé in confidence to Box 333, Nalwen, Alberta

5. COOK: w/prior experience, full or part time. 24-hr. coffee shop. 1444 N. Robles, Nalwen (see mgr.)

6. BOOKKEEPER WANTED!
Permanent position, excellent salary, some benefits. Send résumé to Mr. Smith, El Monte Hotel, 1515 N. Park Ave., Nalwen, Alberta

Continued

U. Paycheque stub

| SOCIAL INSURANCE NUMBER | | | PAY PERIOD ENDING | | | STATEMENT OF EARNINGS AND REQUIRED DEDUCTIONS | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------|-----|-----|-------------------|----|----|---|--------------------|----|-----|-----|----------------|----|-----|---|---------|-----|----|
| | | | CODE | MO | YR | GROSS EARNINGS | NORMAL RET CONTRIB | | TAX | | CANADA PENSION | | UIC | | NET PAY | | |
| 123 | 456 | 789 | 0 | 06 | 85 | 1563 | 00 | 52 | 50 | 409 | 37 | 11 | 03 | 3 | 44 | 898 | 03 |

| OPTIONAL DEDUCTIONS | | |
|---------------------|--------|----|
| DED | AMOUNT | |
| 50 | 3 | 33 |
| 51 | 78 | 50 |
| 60 | 13 | 80 |
| 88 | 5 | 00 |
| 97 | 88 | 00 |

For further explanation of deductions, contact your personnel office.

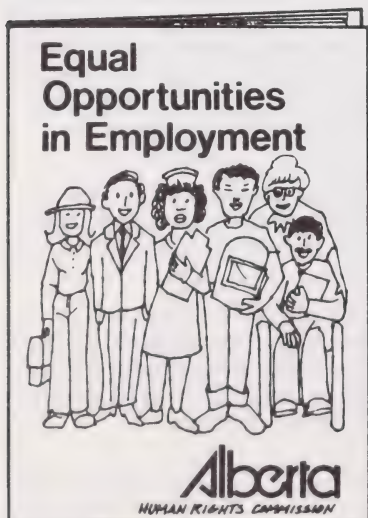
PAY PERIOD CODES

- 0 Full month
- 1 First half of month
- 2 Last half of month
- 3 First half of year
- 4 Second half of year
- 5 Cash overtime
- 6 Lump sum overtime
- 7 Lump sum vacation
- 8 Adjustment of previous payment involving time worked
- 9 Adjustment of previous payment not involving time worked

OPTIONAL DEDUCTIONS EXPLANATION

| | |
|----------------------------|---|
| 17 Charitable Contribution | 60 Health Benefits Deduction |
| 18 Canada Savings Bonds | 88 Union Dues |
| 50 Parking | 97 Group Life, Dependents, and Disability Insurance |
| 51 Credit Union | |

V. Handbook entitled *Equal Opportunities in Employment*



This handbook has been designed as a simplified guide for quick reference to the *Individual's Rights Protection Act* (Revised Statutes of Alberta, 1980).

The *Individual's Rights Protection Act* is designed to protect the rights and dignity of all Albertans. The Alberta Human Rights Commission is effective in enforcing compliance with the provisions of the *Individual's Rights Protection Act*.

The intent of the Act is to promote equal employment opportunities for all members of society, irrespective of race, color, sex, physical characteristics, age, religious beliefs, ancestry, place of origin, and marital status. The requirements of the *Individual's Rights Protection Act* protect both potential and current employees from discrimination based on stereotypes and assumptions related to group characteristics.

V. Read “Pieces of the Morning” and answer questions 30 to 38 from your Questions Booklet.

PIECES OF THE MORNING

The day the letter arrived began like all the other mornings that Jason could remember. Sometimes it seemed to him that each day was a picture puzzle, like the ones the play-school teacher used to work on television when he was little, before he was seven, and the pieces that were morning were always the same color and fit in the same spaces. “Always clean up the pieces when you finish,” the play-school teacher had said. Where do the pieces of the morning go, Jason wondered sleepily as he got dressed. What if they should get lost one day?

“Jason!” He could hear kitchen sounds and smell kitchen smells as his mother opened the door to call him. “Breakfast’s ready. Don’t waste time now.”

He could smell the oatmeal smell now, separate from the others. If the pieces of the morning should get lost, would I have to eat oatmeal for lunch, he wondered. That was a bad thought. Mother said to push bad thoughts out your ears into the wastebasket.

There was a letter at his place, with his oatmeal. That was special, to get a letter all for himself. Sometimes, on birthdays and at Christmas, there were presents, and sometimes there would be a letter from Daddy, full of the silly drawings that Daddy always did for him. Jason had tried to show the drawings to Mother once, but she had gotten angry. From then on, he read his letters very quietly at the table and waited until he was alone in his room to giggle at the pictures of Daddy’s big dog and the fat man next door. Dogs were dirty, Mother said. Jason kept it a secret that on days when Daddy took him out they sometimes played with Rags in the backyard. Mother was right about that — Rags was dirty, and when he and Daddy played with him they got dirty too, but there was something else, something good about getting dirty with Daddy that made Mother wrong. It puzzled Jason. The something else was not quite clear to him yet, but he knew that it would come to him, and he could wait. The thought went swimming through his head, and one day he would be quick enough to hold it down and look at it, and then he would know. There were lots of thoughts like that, but Jason was good at waiting.

“Eat your oatmeal, dear,” said Mother. She said that every day; it was a piece of the morning. “You have a letter from your grandfather.”

“From Grandfather?”

“No. From Mr. MacGovern, your father’s father.”

Of course. Grandfather never sent him letters. Grandfather was tall and looked like God, only there was no beard and he had feet. . . . Jason had never seen this other grandfather. He opened the letter with his knife carefully and handed the thick paper to Mother. She skimmed it over quickly, with a little frown between her eyes.

“Well.” She put the letter on the table where Jason could see the heavy black lines march across the page. He wished he could read that kind of writing. “Your grandfather MacGovern is coming all the way from Ohio to see you, Jason. He says he saw you when you were a baby . . . He’s coming —” She checked the letter again.

Continued

40 "He's coming on Friday."

"That'll be nice," said Jason through his oatmeal. Mother was watching him closely. He kept his eyes on his bowl until she looked away.

45 "Today is Thursday," she said. "We have a lot to get done before tomorrow if your grandfather is going to have a place to sleep. You'll have to help me clean up the guest room later."

It was a nice morning. He sat on the steps for a while and pretended he could see the leaves turning redder, but he couldn't keep his mind on it. Grandfather MacGovern — who was Grandfather MacGovern, anyway? Did he look like Daddy? Was he like Grandfather? Will I like him? Oh, there it was — one of those squirming thoughts
50 caught off guard. "Will I like him?" was one. "Will he like me?" was another one. He sat on the steps a moment longer, feeling the sun. . . . After awhile he went in and helped clean up the guest room.

The pieces of the morning fit in place just as neatly on Friday as on other days. Jason had expected it to be different somehow. . . .

55 At lunchtime he got down the peanut butter and jelly and milk, but before he had had time to get the bread, the doorbell rang. Jason felt a thump in his stomach as he went to answer it. He hesitated a moment, and the doorbell rang again. He pulled the door open slowly.

"Hello, Jason," said the man outside.

60 "Hello, Grandfather," said Jason.

"Aren't you going to let me in?" he asked gently.

Jason felt a redness creep up his neck to his ears and back down again. He opened the screen door as wide as he could reach. The grandfather was taller than he had looked outside, and his hair was white.

65 "Hello, Grandfather. Won't you come in?" he said, remembering his manners.

Jason stared at him, remembered that staring was not polite, and lowered his eyes. He could feel the grandfather looking at him, and he stood straighter.

"You can't very well go on calling me Grandfather, can you," said the grandfather. "Isn't that what you call your mother's father?"

70 "Yes, sir," said Jason.

"Well, we certainly can't have that then. Your mother would never approve." He was laughing in his throat. Jason could feel it, and it made him want to laugh too, if only he could decide just what it was that was funny. That was another slippery thought. Grown-ups were full of slippery thoughts. "Call me Pop," the grandfather
75 said. "Your father called me that."

Pop. There was a rightness to that.

"Would you like some lunch, Pop?" Jason asked.

"Sure. Lead the way, son."

80 Son. Jason stood as tall as he could and took a deep breath as they went to the kitchen.

Continued

“Peanut butter,” said Pop. “Marvelous.” He spread it thick on the bread and took a bite. Jason watched anxiously.

“You don’t have to eat peanut butter,” he said. “There’s a cold roast in the refrigerator.”

85 “Nonsense,” said Pop, stickily through the peanut butter. “Man does not live by bread alone — he needs his peanut butter too.”

Jason grinned and then he laughed out loud. He never laughed, but Pop didn’t know that. Or did he? Pop knew lots of things — you could tell just by looking at him. . . .

90 “Pop,” he said suddenly, “what was my Daddy like, when he was little?” He was afraid then, with the words out, that that was a wrong thing to say. He was always saying wrong things to Mother and making her mad. But Pop put out one wiry hand and lifted Jason’s chin until their eyes met.

95 “I think,” Pop began, quietly, but so seriously that Jason felt every word fall, “I think he was an awful lot like you.”

Jason felt a long warmth go through him, as if a bubble had broken somewhere inside and freed something strong and hot and good. Pop and the kitchen and the peanut butter had disappeared somehow, and he saw himself reaching the top of some huge hill that had been a long time in the climbing.

100 “I am *Jason*,” he shouted silently to the hilltop. “I *know*. I am Jason, my father’s son.” The shouting had no sound and no words, but it was there. Then it was gone. He looked at Pop, trying to find something to say.

“It’s all right, son,” said Pop. “I know.” His thin, strong fingers dug into Jason’s shoulder.

105 “Would you like to take the lunch out to the crabapple tree?” Jason said finally. “I do that lots of times.”

He was sure Pop would like the crabapple tree. Jason skipped a little — he never skipped.

“Pop,” he said on an impulse, “did my Daddy like oatmeal?”

110 Pop smiled a faraway smile and leaned against the crabapple tree. “Hated it,” he said. “Hated it with a passion.” And Jason packed away the oatmeal with the other pieces of the morning and reached up for the first long step.

Susan Allison

VI. Read "Cleaning Up, Clearing Out" and answer questions 39 to 45 from your Questions Booklet.

CLEANING UP, CLEARING OUT

My father's cluttered workbench stands, heaped up
With half a cellar's now purposeless junk.
How many years spent gathering all these goods —
Fuses, switches, plugs, nails, bolts and screws —
5 A handy man, if not a healthy one,
Repairing every break, except the last.

Old houses make requests on not old men
Old hearts in not old bodies make demands.
I clear the dust off records that he kept —
10 Mortgage payments, taxes, check stubs, bills —
Amused with his attempt to set at least
One ordered corner in an aimless sprawl.

Wearing old coats and gloves my father kept
For just such cleaning up and clearing out,
15 My brother and I haul another load
Of basement wares up to the autumn sun.
Too good a day to spend it all down there
Dragging out the past for trashmen's ridicule.

The backyard leaves almost provide excuse,
20 Replacing what we both drove miles to do,
To find we cannot do without him here.
My brother's sons dive on the piles we rake
And, now no longer young, we tend the fire,
Lean on our rakes and wonder at his absence.

Pulling up his pants' legs with a laugh,
He'd dance across the leaf piles we'd just made,
A father showing children how to play
Despite his knowledge and our constant fear.
Still, each trip home he'd show us the tin box
30 Containing all his papers, "just in case."

And this was always "home" when someone asked;
Our wives mistook us in adult disguise.
Soon one of us must try to take the cue,
Lift up our legs and dance across the leaves.
35 My mother knows he'd laugh to see us now,
Grown men, so sad, in coats too big to fit.

Daniel Ross Bronson

VII. Read “Become a Canadian as Quick as You Can” and answer questions 46 to 52 from your Questions Booklet.

BECOME A CANADIAN AS QUICK AS YOU CAN

I'll make this short. I went to Oxford University. That was where I was expected to go because of my father's connections. Then because I had no training for anything remotely connected with making my way in the world and because it was 1899, I joined a border regiment. Off to South Africa, boys. And there I was, the lowest of the low.
5 A subaltern. Bottom rung. When we beat the Boers, if that's what we did — and I was never quite sure — I went home to Uncle.

We sat down in the parlor, each with a glass of whisky and he with his black twist tobacco, and I can remember his words. He said, “Of course you know you're quite useless. I can't hire you at 10 shillings a week to clean out my cowshed or be my groom. You're kin. And there's nothing more useless any time than a scholar, which
10 you are for some reason, and a soldier, which you've been.” Those were what he said, approximately.

I told him I knew and I said I'd been thinking of moving to Canada. “Good man,” my uncle boomed. “Couldn't do better.”

He said he'd make me a contract. Not in writing. He called it a father-and-son contract. I was to go to Canada and he'd give me 200 pounds. That was a lot of money then. Call it a thousand dollars and you'd be closer than not. I was to go to Winnipeg or whatever place in the West I wanted and I was to invest the money. He said I'd probably get 5 percent and that was when money in England was only earning 2 percent
20 and so I asked him how he knew about the 5 percent.

He said, “Wrote Mr. Evans. Have his letter here.” Mr. Evans of Edinburgh did his banking, so the old rascal had been thinking. How did he know I wasn't going to get my left leg shot off?

Then he said I wasn't to buy land right off. Don't do that. Reconnoiter. I was to
25 spend one year in Canada working. If I wanted to be a carpenter then I was to go to work for a carpenter. If I wanted to go and be a butcher then I'd probably make a good butcher because I knew cattle and hogs, but he said it would please him if I became a farmer. As a farmer himself, I guess. Like father like son, or uncle and son. I said I'd like to be a farmer and he said then, “All right, fine, lad, hire yourself out to a farmer
30 or a wheat farmer and then a rancher and then a cattle farmer.” But I was to wait at least one year and look over the land before I drew out that money.

And I remember him saying, “Keep your money. Don't be in the bars with all those young fools from this country who go out there and just want to ride the country and shoot and hunt.” And then he said, “Remember one thing. Become a Canadian
35 as quickly as you possibly can. Even quicker. The Canadian is a rough-and-ready lad and he's quick to shake your hand and be your friend. He's also quick to take offense and if you're putting on airs, strutting around in your finery, he'll soon find a way to put you on your backside in the nearest puddle. In front of half the town too.”

Continued

Let's see, I was 24 at the time but here I was like a child in the classroom. I can't
40 remember minding it. Somebody had to tell me these things.

"Emigrate!" he shouted. Pound of stick on floor. "Emigrate!" Pound of stick.
"Canada!" Pound of stick.

He said in a year I'd have saved maybe 300 dollars. He had to convert dollars to
pounds for me. And with the other 1,000 dollars I'd have something.

45 "My boy, you're a lad with stuff in you and a lad with stuff can do well in Canada.
You'll become a landed proprietor," he said. Pound of stick on floor. By a landed
proprietor he meant a good-sized farmer. He said he'd come out and visit and I could
show him my acres of wheat and my herds of cattle.

I went to Canada. . . . How green were these colonists. Clerks, teachers, cooks,
50 and cabbies, people who had never smelled a plowed field or good cow manure. All
they knew was London fog and smoke. I pitied them. Not the front end from the rear
end of a cow would they know. Try and milk a bullock, probably.

I went to Winnipeg and didn't like it and I went on to Oak Lake and had a mind
to stay there but didn't, and I wound up in Regina. It was a funny little place, not quite
55 at all what I'd imagined a prairie town to be, and I hired on with a family. . . . A good-
sized farm. . . . How they hated Englishmen, and why they took me on I'll never know
— except maybe because I was tall and husky and knew my way around. . . .

I worked with the father and his loutish sons for six months and I should say that
one of the big lummoxes did take a swing at me with a pitchfork once and he got
60 knocked spinning for his trouble. Then I went to a spot called Eastend and spent six
months learning a bit about ranching, but I decided that country was not for me. I could
have married a little school marm but I didn't.

Then I went to Saskatoon and worked six months and then I figured, well, 18
months have gone and you've done more than your apprenticeship. I really had. What's
65 more, I liked the country. I always thought just at dawn, and just at sunset, the prairies
were beautiful. Pity we didn't have any good landscape painters around.

Then I went back to Regina and bought a driver and buggy and spent a month
just driving around asking about land. By this time, you see, I had about 1,500 dollars.
I was a wealthy young man.

70 Out west and north of here I bought a good farm of 320 acres from a land company.
Five dollars an acre. The ad in the *Leader* said, as I remember, "Here's A Real Snap!"
I put 500 dollars down. I picked a piece on the edge so I could homestead on that part
that just touched the company's land. That gave me three-quarters. I hired a man with
a Rumley¹ to do me plowing and he turned that land over, those furrows just rolling
75 out like the waves of the seas. I did the disking, the harrowing.

I had about 150 acres broken and ready for spring and that winter I worked for a
lumber yard in Regina and batched and in spring I moved up my seeder and four good

Continued

¹Rumley — early type of tractor

80 horses and what else I needed and a load of lumber and a couple of kegs of nails and
tarpaper. By this time, you could see, I was pretty deep in debt but I knew what I was
doing. I made sure I got that new Marquis wheat that was being talked about and I
seeded that and I got a good crop. About 38 bushels to the acre and that was the finest
wheat I've ever seen. They still haven't matched it, in my opinion. Hard and wonderful
for milling and it made the finest bread in the world.

85 Well, when I cleaned off that crop in October, I had enough to pay off the land
company, enough to buy my implements, enough to build a decent house and a barn
and use the shack as a granary and enough to think I was king of the world. I was.
There never was any doubt in my mind that this was a wonderful country. Through the
years we've had good years and some real humdingers, disasters when the black blizzards
came and you couldn't see the allowance road for blowing dust but all in all, I did
90 pretty well.

I was a young farmer and I had working capital and I think that's what made the
difference. I went into it pretty big right off the bat and it was that uncle of mine, the
old rascal, that taught me the right lessons for Canada. Sure did.

as told to *Barry Broadfoot*

VIII. Dylan Anderson is the president of the Nalwen High School Graduating Class of '86. As president, he is responsible for keeping teachers and graduates informed about current information and decisions made by the graduation council. At yesterday's meeting, the graduation council made several final decisions that were approved by the principal. Dylan has drafted a rough outline for a bulletin he intends to revise and then issue. Read the following rough outline of Dylan's bulletin and answer questions 53 to 57 from your Questions Booklet.

GRAD BULLETIN

Dinner and Dance

Date: June 28, 1986

Time: 6:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.

Place: Nalwen Community Centre

Menu: Caesar salad
turkey cordon bleu
Parisienne potatoes
sautéed vegetables
Danish rolls/butter
cherries jubilee
coffee/tea

Agenda: (sequence of events for the evening)

- intro by Master of Ceremonies
- introduce head table
- theme song ← ^{vocalist} music accompanist
- class valedictorian
- speeches ← guest speaker
 - student rep. (me)
 - teacher rep. (Ms. Adamson)
- dance ← music by whom? (spelling)
 - time (begins at)

NOTES FROM MEETING
Rough outline

GRADUATION EXERCISES

Date: June 27, 1986

Time: 2:00 p.m.

Place: School Auditorium
Nalwen High

Agenda: intro by principal (Mr. Kee)
school band (theme song) — check on title
Honored Graduates !! → diploma distribution
closing address → Superintendent/Chuck Harry
Grand Finale → Marching departure of graduates
(accompanied by band)

SAFE AFTER GRAD PARTY

Time: Whenever (ie: after graduation dance) until ??

Place: Stogie's Acres

Transportation: supplied by D.U.T.I. (right to your front door)

PS Additional Info to add

- ① Photographs → sweetheart (at dance) *\$5.00 per 5x8 print
→ class (at grad. exercises) *\$7.00 per 8x10 print
→ portrait (2 weeks prior to last day of classes)
various packages available
- ② ideas for gifts for speakers at ceremony
- ③ times for photography sessions (check with administration)

IX. Read “Calling Home” and answer questions 58 to 65 from your Questions Booklet.

CALLING HOME

It was a bad time. Billy Boy Watkins was dead, and so was Frenchie Tucker. Billy Boy had died of fright, scared to death on the field of battle, and Frenchie Tucker had been shot through the nose. Bernie Lynn and Lieutenant Sidney Martin had died in tunnels. Pederson was dead and Rudy Chassler was dead. Buff was dead. Ready Mix
5 was dead. They were all among the dead. When it was not raining, a low mist moved across the paddies, blending the elements into a single gray element, and the war was cold and pasty and rotten.

The tripflares were useless. The ammunition corroded and the foxholes filled with mud and water during the nights, and in the mornings there was always the next village
10 and the war was always the same.

In August, after two months in the bush, the platoon returned to Chu Lai for a week's stand-down.

They swam, played mini-golf in the sand, drank and wrote letters and slept late in the mornings. At night there were floor shows. There was singing . . . and dancing,
15 and afterward there was home-sickness. It was neither a good time nor a bad time. The war was all around them.

On the final day, Oscar and Eddie and Doc and Paul Berlin hiked down to the 82nd Commo Detachment. Recently the outfit had installed a radio-telephone hookup with the States.

20 “It’s called MARS,” said a young PFC¹ at the reception desk. “Stands for Military Air Radio System.” He was a friendly, deeply tanned readhead without freckles. . . . He seemed a little nervous.

Eddie’s call went through first.

The PFC led him into a small soundproof booth and had him sit behind a console
25 equipped with speakers and a microphone and two pairs of headsets. Paul Berlin watched through a plastic window. For a time nothing happened. Then a red light blinked on and the PFC handed Eddie one of the headsets. Eddie began rocking in his chair. He held the microphone with one hand, squeezing it, leaning slightly forward. It was hard to see his eyes.

30 He was in the booth a long time. When he came out his face was bright red. He sat beside Oscar. He yawned, then immediately covered his eyes, rubbed them, then stretched and blinked and lit a cigarette.

“Geez,” he said softly.

Then he laughed. It was a strange, scratchy laugh. He cleared his throat and smiled
35 and kept blinking. He pulled viciously on the cigarette.

“Geez,” he said.

“What —”

Eddie giggled. “It was. . . You shoulda heard her. ‘Who?’ she goes. Like that — ‘Who?’ Just like that.”

40 He took out a handkerchief, blew his nose, shook his head. His eyes were shiny.

Continued

¹PFC — private, first class

"Just like that — 'Who?' 'Eddie,' I say, and Ma says, 'Eddie who?' and I say, 'Who do you think Eddie?' She almost passes out. Almost falls down or something. She gets this call from Nam and thinks maybe I been shot. 'Where you at?' she says, like maybe I'm callin' from Graves Registration or something, and —"

45 "That's great," Doc said. "That's really great, man."

"Yeah. It's —"

"Really great."

Eddie shook his head as though trying to clear stopped-up ears. He was quite a time. Then he laughed.

50 "And clear? Man! I could hear Ma's cuckoo clock, *that* clear."

"Technology."

"Yeah," Eddie grinned. "Real technology. It's. . . I say, 'Hey, Ma,' and what's she say? 'Who's this?' Real scared-soundin', you know? Man, I coulda just —"

"It's great Eddie."

55 Doc was next, then Oscar. Both of them came out looking a little funny, not quite choked up but trying hard not to be. Very quiet at first, then laughing, then talking fast, then turning quiet again. It made Paul Berlin feel warm to watch them. Even Oscar seemed happy.

It made Paul Berlin feel good. Like buddies. Genuine war buddies, he felt close 60 to all of them. When they laughed, he laughed.

Then the PFC tapped him on the shoulder.

He felt giddy. Everything inside the booth was painted white. Sitting down, he grinned and squeezed his fingers together. He saw Doc wave at him through the plastic window.

65 "Ease up," the PFC said. "Pretend it's a local call."

The boy helped him with the headset. There was a crisp clicking sound, then a long electric hum like a vacuum cleaner. He remembered how his mother always used the old Hoover on Saturdays. The smell of carpets, a fine powdery dust rising in the yellow window light. An uncluttered house. Things in their place.

70 He felt himself smiling. He pressed the headset tight. What day was it? Sunday, he hoped. His father liked to putz on Sundays. Putzing, he called it, which meant tinkering and dreaming and touching things with his hands, fixing them or building them or tearing them down, studying things. Putzing . . . He hoped it was Sunday. What would they be doing? What month was it? He pictured the telephone. It was there 75 in the kitchen, to the left of the sink. It was black. Black, because his father hated pastels on his telephones . . . He imagined the ring. He remembered it clearly, both how it sounded in the kitchen and in the basement, where his father had rigged up an extra bell, much louder sounding against the cement. He pictured the basement. He pictured the living room and den and kitchen. Pink formica on the counters and speckled 80 pink and white walls. His father always . . .

The PFC touched his arm. "Speak real clear," he said. "And after each time you talk you got to say 'Over,' it's in the regs, and the same for your loved ones. Got it?"

Paul Berlin nodded. Immediately the headphones buzzed with a different sort of sound.

Continued

85 He tried to think of something meaningful to say. Nothing forced: easy and natural,
but still loving. Maybe start by saying he was getting along. Tell them things weren't
really so bad. Then ask how his father's business was. Don't let on about being afraid.
Don't make them worry — that was Doc Peret's advice. Make it sound like a vacation,
90 talk about the swell beaches, tell them you're getting skin cancer from all the sun, all
the booze, a Miami holiday. That was Doc's advice. Tell them. . . The PFC swiveled
the microphone so that it was facing him. . . .

 . . . The kitchen, Paul Berlin thought. He could see it now. The old walnut dining
table that his mother had inherited from an aunt in Minnesota. And the big white stove,
the refrigerator, stainless-steel cabinets over the sink, the black telephone, the windows
95 looking out on Mrs. Stone's immaculate backyard. . . . He wouldn't let on how afraid
he was; he wouldn't mention Billy Boy or Frenchie or what happened to Bernie Lynn
and the others. Yes, they'd laugh, and, afterward, near the end of the conversation,
maybe then he'd tell them he'd loved them. He couldn't remember ever telling them
that, except at the bottom of letters, but this time maybe. . . The line buzzed again,
100 then clicked, then there was the digital pause that always comes as a connection is
completed, then he heard the first ring. He recognized it. Hollow, washed out by distance,
but it was still the old ring. He'd heard it ten thousand times. He listened to the ring
as he would listen to family voices, his father's voice and his mother's voice, older
now and changed by what time does to voices, but still the same voice. He stopped
105 thinking of things to say. He concentrated on the ringing. He saw the black phone,
heard it ringing. The PFC held up a thumb but Paul Berlin barely noticed, he was
smiling to the sound of the ringing.

 "Tough luck," Doc said afterward.

110 Oscar and Eddie clapped him on the back, and the PFC shrugged and said it
happened sometimes.

 "What can you do?" Oscar said.

 "Yeah."

 "Maybe. . . Who knows? Maybe they was out takin' a drive or something. Buying
groceries. The world don' stop."

Tim O'Brien

- X. Read “Frances” from the play *What Glorious Times They Had* and answer questions 66 to 70 from your Questions Booklet.

FRANCES

Characters:

Al – advertising representative for Purity Flour

Frances – editor of women’s page in *Grain Grower’s Guide*
(1912 - 1917)

AL (*brightly*): Good morning, is this the *Grain Grower’s Guide*?

FRANCES: Yes, it is. May I help you?

AL: Who is the editor of the women’s page?

FRANCES: Why, that would be Frances Marion Beynon.

5 AL (*takes chair, places it next to Frances and sits.*)

AL: Tell him I’m here.

FRANCES: I’m Frances Marion Beynon.

AL (*unfazed*): How do you do? Well, I won’t waste your time, Mrs. Beynon.

FRANCES: Miss.

10 AL: Yes, I’m here on behalf of Purity Flour. Now, have you seen our latest advertising poster? (*Unrolls a large poster featuring a girl with pies, breads and cakes*) There she is. Miss Purity. Isn’t she a peach?

FRANCES: Well, actually, we use your advertising regularly, Mr. . . .

15 AL (*moving in*): You can call me Al. Yes, I know you do and that’s why I’m here. Frankly, Miss Beynon, I find your column distressing. Too many articles on politics, prohibition, child welfare. Where are the recipes?

FRANCES: But we just published a lovely recipe for prune aspic.

AL: Prune aspic. Where are the cakes, the pies, the tortes? What would life be like without blueberry turnovers?

20 FRANCES: Infinitely impoverished.

AL: Miss Beynon — Frances — you have a wonderful sense of humour but no sense of proportion. Your column is encouraging women to leave the kitchen. They’ll join clubs. They’ll go to meetings. (*Intimately*) Do you have any idea of what goes on in those meetings?

25 FRANCES: As a matter of fact, I do. I’m a member of the Political Equality League.

AL: Oh. (*Pause*) What does go on in those meetings?

FRANCES: We like to discuss ideas of importance in the world, such as woman suffrage. Are you interested in women getting the vote?

30 AL: Oh, no. Oh, no. Think of the consequences, Miss Beynon. Women will go out into the world, that dangerous, dirty world.

FRANCES: But Al, charwomen have been cleaning up that dirty world for years . . . going abroad at 5:30 in the morning.

AL (*emphatically*): Well, that’s fine. They’re used to it. What I’m talking about is commerce, science, politics, engineering.

Continued

- 35 **FRANCES:** Oh, you mean it's the clean professions women should stay away from.
AL (*angrily*): No, I mean they should stay in the kitchen. That's their proper sphere.
FRANCES: Well then, you may be interested in this. I just received a report that Cornell University has just enrolled twelve men in domestic science. They seem to have a natural aptitude for it.
- 40 **AL:** Sissies.
FRANCES: Oh, I don't think so. It says here that one is a member of the Varsity baseball team and one is in the glee club.
AL: Ah hah.
FRANCES: The point is that labour is sexless.
- 45 **AL** (*infuriated*): That's not the point. (*Regains composure*) And that's not the issue. The issue here is flour. Pastry that appeals.

Diane Grant and Company

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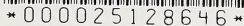
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